EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

CABLE TO PRAVDA

THE Nation

JANUARY 7, 1956
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RESTON OF THE N. Y. TIMES

by Edgar Kemler

BABBITT'S NEW FABLES

by William A. Williams

NORTH AFRICAN NOVELISTS

by Eleanor G. Knight

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Commuting 108 Miles To Public School

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

THIS town of 2,643 population is one of those linked irrevocably to the word "charming." Nestled—another inseparable word—in the West Virginia mountains, it is distinguished by the presence of the famed Greenbrier Hotel, which employs most of the town's Negroes and a good portion of its white residents. At the time of the Supreme Court decision on segregation, Greenbrier County, which contains White Sulphur Springs, had thirteen high schools for white and one for colored children.

In September, 1954, the county school board ruled that henceforth children who chose to attend the white schools nearest their homes were to be admitted. For Negro families this ruling was of momentous importance. The single Negro school was geared to the training of domestics to supply the area's dominating industry—the Greenbrier Hotel. It offered no foreign language, no English above sophomore level, no algebra. Poor preparation for higher education to be sure . . . but then people don't have to go to college to learn how to carry bags and clean up rooms in any hotel, however famous.

To reach this lone and inferior school, many children were obliged to travel long distances. One boy, who lived four blocks from a white school, made a daily round-trip journey of 108 miles to and from his colored school. He usually arrived home about eight in the evening—unless, of course, he stayed for football practice and missed the twenty-year-old bus warmed by a pot-bellied stove that somehow still endured the twice-a-day trip over the mountain roads. Then he reached home about eight o'clock the following evening.

Despite hardships of this sort, few colored children volunteered to serve as pathfinders into the integrated public schools. But fourteen of them did request a transfer to the white school on Church Street and were duly admitted at the opening of the school term. All lived in the neighborhood—nine of them on the very street of the school itself; the white children knew them and their first week passed without incident.

On Friday evening, however, there was a football game, and two of the new students were permitted to sit on the football team's bench. They were not allowed to play, but they sat there as symbols of something or other. It may have been this symbolism that troubled people, and after the game the two boys were chased home by a shouting gang. Rumors spread quickly now, and on Sunday a mass meeting was held at which the white citizens of White Sulphur Springs heard promises that the following week would see the end of the desegregation experiment in Greenbrier County's public schools.

BY Monday morning a picket line had formed before the entrance to the Church Street building. It was not a big or rowdy picket line, and all the Negro students entered at 9 A. M. along with fifty per cent of their white classmates. They left at lunchtime and returned again for the afternoon session. By now the picket line had grown. Still nothing serious, but no police were around to make sure it did not become serious; the city's mayor claimed it was no business of his; the governor of the state was on holiday somewhere (not at the famous Greenbrier Hotel, unfortunately); the state superintendent of education interpreted the whole affair as strictly local.

At 6 P. M. Monday the school board rescinded its integration order and announced that all the schools would be closed the following morning while the Negro pupils got their belongings together and returned whence they had come. The local police, unavailable the day before when protection had been asked for the youngsters crossing the picket line, came out in force to assist in the moving.

Some Negro families didn't like the prospect of their children returning to the old colored school after the brief experience in the school for whites. More worrisome than the simple lowering of educational standards was the effect of such a return on the outlook of the boys and girls themselves. The chief bellhop at the Greenbrier Hotel sent his family up to New Jersey, where they established a second residence in an effort to assure his two children of a decent education. A widow bought a house in Washington, D. C., and took seven of the students in with her so that they could attend schools there.

Meanwhile, Negro groups, led by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, began petitioning the school board for a reversal of its reversed policy, but the board showed extraordinary reluctance about promising to obey federal law in the foreseeable future. Wearied after months of hedging, the Negroes filed suit, and the case came into federal court at Lewisburg, West Virginia, in October. The school superintendent admitted on the witness stand that he had closed the schools and retransferred the students because of "racial considerations." But racial considerations are not very legal things, and after a three-day hearing, the colored students had won their case. Voluntary desegregation is already permissible in Greenbrier County, and the fall term, 1956, will mark the beginning of mandatory desegregation.

WALTER GOODMAN

WALTER GOODMAN is a free-lance writer.

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Freda Kirchwey, Editorial Contributor
J. A. del Vayo, European Correspondent

Harold Clurman, Theatre
B. H. Haggin, Music
Alfred Maund, Copy and Makeup
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Martin Solow, Assistant to the Publisher

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson

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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Cable To Pravda . . *by Editors The Nation*

The Nation *has received the following cable from Moscow:*

The Editors of *Pravda* would highly appreciate your replies to the following questions: How do you estimate the record of the outgoing year in consolidation of peace and development of friendship and cooperation among the nations? What are your wishes for the new year? Your answer will be printed in New Year's issue of *Pravda*. Thanking you in advance for your kind cooperation.

PRAVDA EDITORIAL BOARD

Upon receipt of this message, we queried the State Department upon the propriety of answering. Having been reassured on this point, we cabled Pravda *as follows:*

We reply herewith to the specific questions posed in your cable of December 24 with the request that our answers be printed in full if printed at all.

Question: "How do you estimate the record of the outgoing year in consolidation of peace and development of friendship and cooperation among nations?"

Answer: We believe that the year 1955 witnessed a series of constructive steps toward the consolidation of international peace. Chief of these was the first Geneva Conference, which provided the great powers with an opportunity to voice the world's demand for the rejection of war as an instrument of national policy. The *political* results of the conference were far-flung: the armistice was kept in Korea, the Indo-China settlement was honored without major breach, new provocations in Germany were kept at a minimum. Especially in the case of Red China's claims on Formosa and the grave crisis which arose over United States policy of defending certain offshore islands, there was evidence of a greater awareness of imminent catastrophe on both sides. The refusal of either side to be the first to resort to a solution by force indicated a new maturity.

By decreasing tensions at high political level, the Geneva Conference made possible increased cultural, scientific, and economic contacts between the Russians and the Western world. The visits to the United States of Soviet farmers, scientists, students, technicians and journalists, with reciprocal visits to the U. S. S. R. by Americans, were themselves significant of a new and healthful trend. Even more important was the cordiality with which the visitors were greeted by the people of the host country. The Soviet agricultural experts were welcomed in friendly fashion everywhere in our country; so were the distinguished Soviet artists, Gilels and Oistrakh; so were the sailors of the Soviet fleet in their visit to the British isles. And the Soviet people, on their part, extended an equally warm welcome to the many prominent Americans who last year visited the Soviet Union, including Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court, many Senators, Congressmen, and journalists. Traditional Russian hospitality was extended to members of the British fleet who visited Leningrad, to the American theatre troupe now presenting *Porgy and Bess* in the U. S. S. R., and to many other visitors. Whatever the past, there remains a vast reservoir of goodwill among the peoples of both sides which promises well for peaceful coexistence.

Certain developments within the Soviet Union which are entirely the internal affair of your country, but which inevitably have international repercussions, have made a good impression on Americans. The people here noted with approval a certain relaxation in censorship in your country, the greater freedom of movement permitted to travelers there, the greater availability of your political leaders to interviews.

THE Geneva spirit has permeated the U. N., tending to free energies heretofore locked up in that organization by the cold war. This is particularly true with regard to the admission of sixteen new members, a step which makes the world organization more representative and thereby increases its power to maintain world peace. The Geneva Conference, moreover—and this despite the disappointing results of the second, or foreign ministers' sessions—gave new impetus to the U. N.'s search for solution to two other problems: disarmament and colonialism.

Linked less directly to the Geneva Conference, but nevertheless partaking of its spirit, was the Geneva conference on atoms-for-peace, which promises to be the forerunner of a truly international attempt to harness the atom for the benefit of mankind as a whole rather than for those sections of humanity which, relatively, need it least. And we believe that the Bandung Conference, which in large measure brought together the "have not" nations of the world, can result ultimately in greater international social justice and a firmer hold on world peace.

Question: What are your wishes for the New Year?

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Answer: We assign great importance to holding and fortifying in 1956 the very real gains made in 1955 toward a world of peaceful coexistence. At the same time, we recognize that many of the events cited in the first half of our reply were gestures of conciliation and evidence of a wish for greater understanding. There still exist major issues of the greatest potential danger which cannot be dissolved by good will and must be settled by solemn agreement. We list three of these as most urgent:

1. The arms race;
2. The position of Communist China in the world community;
3. The problem of Germany, Korea and Vietminh.
4. The Middle East.

On the first of these, we hope for a meeting early in the year, summoned in the "Geneva spirit," to establish an immediate and permanent ban on the manufacture *and testing* of atomic and hydrogen bombs; a limitation on the production of, and trade in, all conventional weapons; the formation of an international inspection system adequate to assure the carrying out of all arms agreements.

The admission of the China mainland to the United Nations is an urgent matter for U. N. action. At the same time, U. S. and Peiping ministers should meet to discuss the terms on which diplomatic relations can be established between the two countries.

The U. S. and the U. S. S. R., preferably through the machinery of the United Nations, should make a new approach to the problems of the three countries—Germany, Korea and Vietminh—in which they each at present maintain zones of influence.

On the question of the Middle East, we recognize the Soviet Union's legitimate concern with an area which the West is attempting to incorporate into its military defense structure. At the same time we cannot agree that arming of the Arab states will serve international peace. Rather we see the solution in agreement by the major powers to encourage direct peace negotiations between the Arab nations and Israel.

Supplementing these major tasks and carrying forward the advances made in 1955, we hope for the following:

An increase of cultural exchange between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. The American public is particularly eager to welcome the Russian ballet.

Greater accessibility of the U. S. S. R. and Eastern Europe to Americans who wish to study and travel there. At the same time, the welcoming to America of citizens from the Communist states who wish to visit here.

The immediate release of all American soldiers and civilians now detained in China in contravention of international law.

The gradual elimination of trade embargoes and the setting up of trade agreements based on mutual economic advantage and without political prejudice.

Increased U. N. support of economic, social and scientific programs for the assistance of underdeveloped countries.

Greater U. N. pressure on colonial powers to speed up the education and technical development of their colonies for the earliest possible—and definitely time-tabled—independence of all presently subject peoples.

EDITORS OF THE NATION.

This cable was dispatched before President Eisenhower's Christmas message relative to the "liberation" of Soviet-bloc countries aroused sharp reaction from Soviet leaders. The Nation *would like to call the attention of statesmen both in the East and the West that while fair words alone are insufficient to keep alive the Geneva spirit, ill-tempered ones could certainly kill it. We hope that in 1956 diplomacy will be extended to words as well as to deed.*

FDR and Japan

[Dr. Monroe Deutsch, vice-president and provost emeritus of the University of California was—in my view—California's most distinguished citizen. To his colleagues he combined "the classic qualities of saint and prophet" but to those of us who knew him in a less intimate relation, he was essentially the great public citizen, one of Emerson's "representative men," one who understood and honored the obligations of leadership. Most of his fellow citizens, including all but a handful of the state's liberals, remained silent when the federal government proceeded to round up 125,000 West Coast Japanese, citizens and aliens alike, men, women and children, and cart them off to relocation centers during World War II. But so effectively did Dr. Deutsch rally the conscience of the state that before the war's end many of California's liberals began to imagine they had shown the same courage that he had shown when the issue first arose. It was Dr. Deutsch, too, who fought the university regents' loyalty oath and gave leadership to the "non-signers" in their struggle for vindication.

Throughout his lifetime this "gentle educator" pursued his belief in the "worth of the individual, the dignity of each human soul, and the brotherhood of man." Two days before his death, on October 22, he sent me the statement which follows; as always, he was concerned with fairness and civic decency.—Carey McWilliams.]

By MONROE DEUTSCH

ONE ASPECT of the Yalta agreements which has been much discussed is the effort made at that meeting to bring Russia into the war against Japan. Some Republicans have violently attacked President Roosevelt on the ground that the Japanese were at that very time ready to surrender and it was wholly unnecessary to take any steps whatever to bring Russian troops into the conflict with Japan.

In that connection might it not be worthwhile to see what Henry M. Stimson had to say on that matter? He was Secretary of War and presumably had all the information that was possibly available. He was a great statesman and (it may be pointed out incidentally) a Republican. In the work entitled *On Active Service* in *Peace and War,* which he wrote in collaboration with

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McGeorge Bundy, appear a number of statements bearing directly on this matter:

> Two great nations were approaching contact in a fight to a finish which would begin on November 1, 1945. Our enemy, Japan, commanded forces of somewhat over 5,000,000 armed men. Men of these armies had already inflicted upon us . . . over 300,000 battle casualties. Enemy armies still unbeaten had the strength to cost us a million more. As long as the Japanese government refused to surrender, we should be forced to . . . smash the Japanese ground armies, by close infighting of the same desperate and costly kind that we had faced in the Pacific islands for nearly four years.

And two more statements:

> In order to end the war in the shortest possible time and to avoid the enormous losses of human life which otherwise confronted us—the bomb seemed to me to furnish a unique instrument for the purpose. . . .
>
> My chief purpose was to end the war in victory with the least possible cost in the lives of the men in the armies which I had helped to raise. . . .

Even more directly does he discuss the question of a surrender by the Japanese, for Stimson's own paper of July 2, 1945, shows "it was certainly not the view of American leaders that the Japanese already considered themselves beaten."

And most explicit of all is this:

> He [Stimson] did not believe that any intelligence reports, short of a direct report that the Japanese were fully ready to surrender, would have changed the basic American attitude. No such report was made, and none could have been made, for it was emphatically not the fact that Japan had decided on surrender before August 6: forces in the Japanese government for and against surrender continued in balance until the tenth of August.

We must not forget a number of dates. The Yalta Conference was held from February 4 to 11, 1945. Indeed Franklin Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945, almost exactly four months before, according to Secretary Stimson, the decision was made by the Japanese to surrender. Is it not crystal clear that the charges that President Roosevelt knew well that the Japanese were ready to surrender at the time he sought to secure Russian agreement to enter the Pacific War, are absolutely false?

Honorary Degrees

The faculty at the University of Wisconsin has declined to accept the recommendation of one of its committees that the practice of granting honorary degrees be continued. In asking the committee to study the matter further, the faculty indicates that it is not convinced the recommendation is a sound one. William T. Evjue, publisher of the Madison *Capitol-Times,* would like to see the practice of granting honorary degrees discontinued. Nowadays these degrees are granted more often than not with an eye on the bankroll of the recipient. "The purpose," he writes, "is to soften up the conferee."

If this were the only misuse of the honorary degree the remedy might be to declare donors ineligible to receive them. But there are other misuses. At the height of his union-busting activities in Salem, Secretary of the Interior McKay was suddenly presented with an honorary degree by Oregon State College at a ceremony which ROTC cadets were compelled to attend. At the time the degree was conferred, the Secretary of the Interior was being widely criticized in the state for his abandonment of the Hell's Canyon project to the Idaho Power Company as well as for the unenlightened labor practices followed by his Chevrolet agency. Since it is perhaps unrealistic to expect that university administrators can be counted on to abandon voluntarily a misuse of the honorary degree so gross that it amounts to a kind of academic pimping, Mr. Evjue may be right in urging that the practice be abolished.

BABBITT'S NEW FABLES

Economic Myths . . *by William A. Williams*

THE CENTRAL article of faith among the New Babbitts of America's corporate society is the assertion that the United States has evolved *past* socialism. They develop their argument from two simple propositions. First they declare that all income brackets except the very rich, but in particular the low- and middle-income groups, have dramatically increased their absolute and relative income during the last fifteen years. Second, they maintain that the diffusion of stockholding and the creation of a mass market have broken the oligarchy of economic, political and social power which dominated the country in the Era of the Cash-Nexus Entrepreneur.

We now live, so we are told by *Business Week* and *Fortune,* in the Heavenly City of Twentieth-Century Capitalism. Schlesinger, Junior, explains that American society is based on the Vital Center, which includes everybody but the nobodies on the Right and Left. Riesman assures us that we have ridden "that great wave of American abundance" onto a shore where nobody but everybody has power. And Frederick Lewis Allen summed it all up in

WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS is assistant professor of history at the University of Oregon.

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that we have evolved past socialism. There are three criteria, which may be stated in the form of questions, by which to evaluate this asserted ascension into an economic paradise:

I. Does the distribution of real income and actual economic and political power bear out the assumption that American society has been levelled upward?

II. What have been the moral, social and political costs of the economic changes which have occurred?

III. Does the New Babbittry's satisfaction and contentment with the status quo meet Jose Ortega y Gasset's penetrating description of a nation's life-force? "It is not yesterday, the past," he warned the West, "which is the decisive, the determining force in a nation. Nations are made and go on living by having a program for the future."

POSTWAR census statistics, supplemented by Herman P. Miller's study of the *Income of the American People* and the recent Congressional hearings on low-income groups provide some of the answers to these questions. These figures pertain almost exclusively to earned income; that is, wages and salaries. They do not give a complete picture of total income, which includes earnings from dividends, rents and interest. But such additional receipts do not alter radically the profile of the American income structure which is outlined by these reports on earned income. Certain precautions need to be kept in mind, however, when using this data. Most vital of these is the crucial difference between real income (or purchasing power) and monetary receipts. The New Babbitts make much of this distinction when analyzing other economic systems, especially that of the Soviet Union, but slide over the point when discussing the United States. Likewise significant is the distinction between individual and family income. It is of key importance to know whether family receipts go up because things are getting better or because the husbands are taking on two jobs, or because the wives (and perhaps the children, too) also go to work.

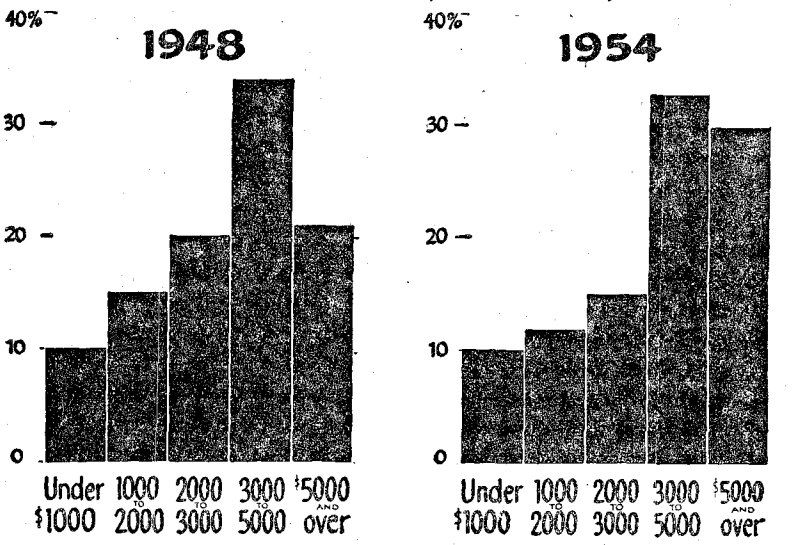
And finally, the record should not be rigged by comparing the present with the depths of the depression. This sleight-of-truth is one of the standard gimmicks of the New Babbitts. The depression is a meaningless base from which to judge improvement: there was precious little place to go but onward and upward. It would seem, moreover, that the years since 1940 provide a more legitimate period over which to measure America's progress past socialism.

Miller's analysis of the 1950 census figures leaves the reader with one overriding impression. Up to 1950, at any rate, there was not much substance to the claim that an expanding economy gave Americans an ever-greater prosperity. Indeed, the most appropriate image would seem to be one taken from Alice's *Adventures in Wonderland:* an economy running very hard to stay right where it was.

In 1950, for example, half of the income recipients "got less than $2,000." From 1939 to 1949, furthermore, "there were comparatively few changes in the relative income position of occupations dominated by wage or salary workers." There was, it is true, a "significant narrowing of the income gap between high-paid and low-paid workers within occupations." But this does not alter the fact that over 20 per cent of income earners got less than $1,000.

Neither did the seemingly dramatic increase in the median income do much to relieve the economic anxieties of maintaining a family. The median money income jumped from about $1,800 in 1945 to about $3,000 in 1951. Such a voluptuous statistic invites, and has received, much attention from those who assure us that all is well in America. "When the actual dollar amounts are adjusted for price changes, however, there appears to have been no increase in the average family's real income since 1944. On the contrary, the figures indicate a slight decrease in the purchasing power of the average family during the period after World War II." This made it somewhat difficult, up to 1950 anyway, for the majority of American males who headed families to sustain a "modest but adequate" standard of living.* Even if, on the as-

PERCENTAGE DISTRIBUTION OF U.S. FAMILIES BY TOTAL MONEY INCOME *(in 1948 dollars)*: 1948 & 1954



It should be noted that this chart is based on the 1948 value of the dollar. According to the Staff of the Subcommittee on Low-Income Families, a research body of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, Eighty-fourth Congress, "$2,000 could purchase less in 1954 than 1948 because of the average increase of 12 per cent in consumers' prices. . . . In terms of purchasing power, families with current incomes under $2,000 were worse off in 1954 than in 1948."

*This "moderate but adequate" standard calls for a rented five-room dwelling provided with hot and cold water, electric circuits, a window in each room and a heating plant that maintains a temperature of 70 degrees F. during the winter months. It is equipped with a gas or electric stove, a mechanical refrigerator and a washing machine. Meat may be served several times a week if the family shopper searches for the cheaper cuts. The husband may buy the following clothing: one heavy wool suit every two years and a light one every three years; and five shirts and two pair of shoes each year. His wife is allowed a heavy wool coat every four years, but may purchase four dresses and three pairs of shoes between birthdays. Two children under fifteen must also be fed and clothed.

Source: Bureau of the Census

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ption that people fib about their income, we revise the reported income upward by 20 per cent (a generous revision), there was one out of every four families which could not maintain this standard on the earnings of the family head.

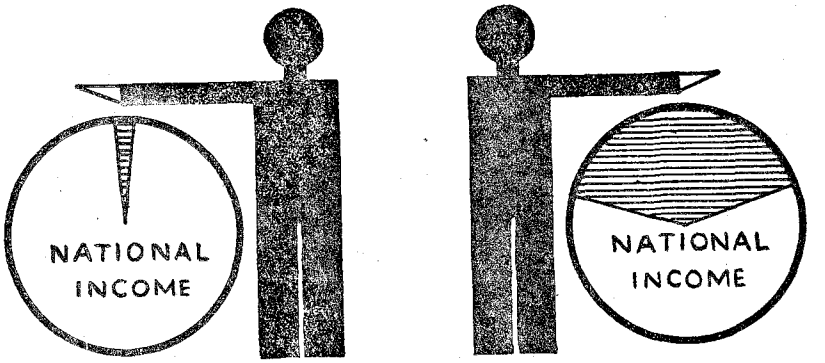
HOW, then, did the great plurality of American families manage to live moderately but adequately in the era which ended in 1950? One group of farmers seems to have tried to do so by leaving the farm. The number of farms decreased from 6.1 millions in 1940 to 5.4 millions in 1951. Almost half of the abandoned homesteads were under 50 acres, and about 65 per cent produced less than $1,200 worth of goods for the market a year. And more than one-third of the farm families who remained in 1951 "received more cash from earnings from non-farm sources" than from turning the soil. Only three-fifths of the entire farming community derived more than half its income from the land.

Putting the wife to work was another survival trick. This tactic did much to double the number of working women between 1940 and 1950. As for the couple which wanted to gross $5,000 or more, the odds were twice as great if the wife went to work. Even so, it was hardly a sure thing. For 67.2 per cent of female wage or salary earners received less than $2,000 in 1951, and 47.6 per cent of the men got less than $3,000. Small wonder, then, that "many of the middle-income families would probably be at the lower-income levels if they depended entirely upon the income of the family heads." One may also venture the suggestion that labor under such circumstances does not necessarily produce a sense —let alone the reality—of emancipation for the women.

Borrowing provided still another way to close the gap. For one thing, it has been difficult to rent modest but adequate housing. And the need —psychological or practical—of an automobile has been another pressure to borrow.

As for the structure of income distribution, the typical capitalist pyramid had not, at least by 1950, been modified in any drastic fashion. In 1951, for example, the 20 per cent of wage or salary earners who received less than $650 a year got only 2.5 per cent of the nation's aggregate income. But the 20 per cent which earned more than $3,860 received 47.7 per cent. Looked at in another way, the upper 20 per cent got 49.1 per cent of the total income in 1944. By 1951 their share had slipped to 47.7 per cent. This shift of 1.4 per cent hardly qualifies as a redistribution of income (or of power, one may add). At the very top, meanwhile, the two per cent which grossed over $10,000 accounted for 12 per cent of the aggregate.

The Lowest Fifth—and the Highest



In 1951 one-fifth of the country's workers received less than $650 a year; their aggregate share of the national income was 2.5 per cent. The "top" fifth (workers receiving more than $3,860 a year) got 47.7 per cent.

IT IS difficult to assess the changes in income receipts since 1950 with the same degree of thoroughness which marks Miller's study of the 1940-50 era. Available statistics are incomplete and are based on questionable sampling techniques. Most of the information, moreover, pertains only to family units, and is apt to be very misleading unless it can be correlated with the facts on individual income. Certain generalizations, however, do emerge.

To begin with, consumer prices climbed 12 per cent between 1948 and 1954. This loss of purchasing power served to whittle away much, if not most, of the increase in monetary income.

The overall picture is very fuzzy. For one thing, the Census Bureau and the Federal Reserve Board disagree on the proportion of families in the lower-income bloc; the former says 29 per cent, the latter 21 per cent. The available information does not explain, moreover, how the improvement, if such there was, was caused. A general rise in income could account for it, but so could population and age-group changes, or an increase in the number of working members in lower-income bracket families.

There seems little point in fiddling with these figures after one reads further in the latest reports. For the consensus is that there has not been any significant—let alone drastic or revolutionary—improvement. One investigation concludes that families "with incomes of less than $2,000 in 1953 and 1954 were poorer in an absolute sense and relative to other units than in 1948." Another adds that, measured in terms of real income, "the number of families with incomes under $2,000 was about the same in both years."

As for the farmers, they are making their troubles known beyond the circle of connoisseurs who study the census reports. But it is important to note that the movement off the land, which had become so apparent by 1950, continued through 1954. Half a million more farmers, most of them low-income earners, abandoned the land as a way of life in the last four years.

THE general increase in family incomes, which is suggested by some of the late figures, needs to be correlated with other things beside the rise in prices. The latest census figure of $4,200 for the median family income fails to tell the whole story. Families having four children average only $3,949; those with five, $3,155; and those with six or more, $3,252. Low-income families, therefore, continue to "carry a disportionate share of the responsibility for rearing the nation's children." Still more revealing is the data on the number of wage earners per family

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in each fifth of the total. The lowest 20 per cent average 1.02 workers per family. But the figure rises quickly. The second lowest fifth has 1.34 workers; the middle fifth has 1.44; the fourth has 1.63; and the upper-fifth income families average 1.96 workers. Not only does it appear that the economy is puffing hard to hold its own; individual families would still seem to be relying upon borrowing, or on putting more members to work to improve their position. More probably it is a result of both factors. Consumer borrowing has steadily increased since 1950 (see "Are Consumer Debts Dangerously High?" in *The Nation,* November 12). Precise data on working wives is not available, but the situation in Madison, Wisconsin, may be indicative of the national picture. Forty per cent of Madison's married women with children under eighteen are currently working—an increase of 25 per cent since 1950.

THESE income figures, coupled with the fact that there has not been any relevant change in the distribution of income, do not support the basic assertion of the New Babbitts. Indeed, they provoke a somewhat subversive thought. For if we are now in the next higher stage past socialism, then it would seem that the law of diminishing returns has taken effect. Perhaps it would be wise to consider a mild regression in order to forestall a serious recession.

Neither does the record give favorable answers to the other questions which may be asked of the New Babbitts. Let us assume that the real income of the American people has increased between 10 and 12 per cent since the end of World War II (a generous estimate). The cost of this economic gain in terms of the damage to the character and the texture of American life has been high, for it is due largely to an economy primed by the cold war. Prosperity at such a price may not lead to bankruptcy in the narrow economic sense, but it is likely to destroy the moral and intellectual integrity of society and bring about its physical devastation in a nuclear war. And it may be doubted that sighs of satisfaction over this performance, or even promise to ameliorate its worst features, quality as a life-giving program for the future. Lord Keynes was a dangerous counselor when he told us that "in the long run we all are dead," for if we believe him we all are dying.

RELIGION ON THE CAMPUS

Search for Security . . *by Stanley Rowland, Jr.*

A FIVE-DAY conference at Princeton University in December had the theme "The Relevance of the Christian Faith to the Individual in a World of Power." Twenty years ago, such a conference would have been improbable. If held, chances are it would have been attended by the little groups of campus "Christers" and by some who would have come to heckle and say that the Christian faith is not relevant to anything.

This is far from the case today. Today's undergraduates are more interested in religion than college students have been for twenty years at least. That statement is confirmed by reports from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, New York University and others, including some 300 colleges and universities across the country visited by the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. The National Council is a federation of thirty major Protestant and Orthodox bodies with more than 35,500,000 members.

STANLEY ROWLAND, Jr., is a religious-news reporter on the New York Times. *This article, of course, reflects his own views and not necessarily those of the* Times.

On-the-spot reports on the interest in religion at three campuses—the Universities of Washington, Minnesota and California—will appear in next week's issue. Readers will find the report from the University of Washington especially interesting.

American college life is vast and complex, and there will be exceptions to any generalizations. Nevertheless the generalizations are useful as indicating trends in those institutions which, after all, are ideally searchers for truth—the citadels of thought and ideas that radiate their influence into the nation as a whole, despite the anti-intellectualism seen in some quarters.

Concern for religion on the nation's campuses did not spring full-blown from the Divine or from Madison Avenue. It has been developing since World War II. In the 1930s, most undergraduates "wouldn't be caught dead taking religion seriously." Religion was a foil for campus wits, a something to be outgrown, to be scorned or ignored. There were exceptions, of course, but the tide was against them. Now the tide seems to have turned. While the scorn has by no means disappeared, it's no longer so widespread and has often been replaced by an attitude of objective inquiry. Religion has become intellectually respectable. Christianity and Judaism are being searched.

Religious-activity groups have become more integrated into campus life. Programs they sponsor are usually well attended. Some groups give courses in their specific beliefs—principles of Roman Catholicism, Protestantism or Judaism. Speakers on religion can usually count on a sizeable audience, and in the discussion period they are usually questioned vigorously—and constructively. Religious principles are dealt with seriously in many informal campus "bull sessions." The latest anti-religious witticisms of Professor

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So-and-so are still exchanged; but these are fewer, have often lost their sparkle, and seem a little dated. For a generation has been through all that, and come out with the H-bomb and the gray flannel suit.

Courses in religion, Nathan M. Pusey of Harvard said recently, no longer mean to students the study of some tribal rites or far-away beliefs: "Now the students take religion courses to find out about Christianity." The percentage increase and attendance of such courses in many cases has been far greater than the percentage increase in undergraduate enrollment. And these courses, though given for credit, are rarely required. The courses in religious beliefs given by campus groups are not only unrequired, but are also extra-curricular, carry no credit, and sometimes mean full-blown assignments and homework. Yet they are popular. In both kinds of courses, the emphasis is on religious principles of the Judeo-Christian tradition.

HERE are just two examples of the formal religion courses. Twenty-one students attended Princeton's first undergraduate course in religion in 1939-40. This year, 700 Princeton undergraduates are enrolled in religion courses. Twenty years ago at Yale, fifty students out of 2,800 attended three religion courses. Some 500 undergraduates out of 4,000 are enrolled in fourteen religion courses at Yale this year.

Examples of interest in religion on the campuses could be multiplied by the hundreds. But the point is, what has caused this concern? And what are its characteristics? The causes can be gathered under the headings of the insecurity of modern life and a disillusionment with scientific humanism. The characteristics are a searching and objective intellectual approach to religion and a certain aloofness toward the church.

The current generation of college students was nurtured on fundamental insecurity. It has been said that the class of 1929 was the last one to leave college on a magic carpet. Since then, graduates have walked. In the 1930's a number of the ideas and even some of the basic assumptions in our society were shattered. The effects were both immediate and long range. But even to the college graduate of the worst depression years, security was a purchasable commodity—though the money was often hard to come by. But for the college student of today—despite the relative plenitude of money—security can no longer be bought. What price security against the H-bomb?

Today's college student was cutting his teeth when Hitler was slaughtering Jews. He has seen members of his family march off to wars and maybe not come back; he sees around him economic security in a seething, savagely insecure world; he reads newspaper headlines telling of faster planes, new weapons and new betrayals. Improvements in biological warfare vie with improvements in medicine. Over all hangs the mushroom cloud. This doesn't look to him like salvation through science or scientific humanism.

Nor is the memory of his Sunday-school days of much help to him. Young people today, as for years past, are undereducated in religion. This is particularly true of Protestants. Some pioneer thinkers in theology and in such sciences as psychology may be getting together, acquiring a new respect for one another, and even reaching some of the same conclusions. But this kind of dynamism has generally not as yet filtered down to church congregations, much less to the Sunday schools. A number of these continue to present the same pale romanticism that fades like a B movie under the impact of realities.

SO STUDENTS today, like many of their fathers before them, are going to college with a religious foundation distinguished for its unreality. Twenty years ago students often simply shed religion and embraced the sciences as the key to solving man's problems. Here is where a number of today's students part company with their elders. It's no longer easy to choose sides between science and religion, for the clash between them is no longer so sharp; indeed, it sometimes does not exist. Many neat, mechanistic assumptions about human personality have been shattered in the laboratory of human events. It has become quite obvious that man isn't just a complicated amoeba with a preference for gin.

Students are well aware that man's lot can and often has been greatly improved by the sciences. They are also well aware that science and "social engineering" can be used for brainwashing and for producing conformity and thereby depressing mass culture. In short, "social engineering" can also produce *1984*—and at times seems to be heading that way. Thus the students of today are coming increasingly to believe that more than good social management is needed to solve society's ills. One campus reaction has been the growth—reports about it are rather exaggerated—of the "New Conservtism," particularly at Harvard and Yale. This alleged movement tends to view religion in a friendly way as a stabilizing, useful institution—like a very large public utility. But talks with students and reports from numerous colleges and universities indicate that religious searching is a more typical reaction. Christianity and Judaism maintain they have answers to the ultimate questions concerning the meaning and the nature of man and the universe. These religions are being explored vigorously, intellectually, objectively. There is a strong effort to relate religious knowledge to other fields and disciplines such as the sciences. A proportionately small but growing number of faculty members are

Institute of Conservatism

The administration of Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin, is considering the establishment on the campus of an Institute of Conservative Studies. "The proposal," announced Fred O. Pinkham, president of Ripon, "calls for a series of graduate seminars. . . . Scholars, primarily in the field of conservative intellectual history, from all over the world would be invited to participate."

The editors of the campus newspaper, The Ripon College Days, reacted promptly: "The Ripon faculty voted 31-10 against the establishment of a conservative institute. . . . We understand that the faculty majority did not base its decision upon any political antipathy. Rather, it was based upon the clear recognition that a college is a forum of ideas and not an agency of propaganda for any social philosophy, be it conservative or liberal. . . A healthy college must be free to explore both points of view. How can one doubt that under the proposed relationship Ripon would cease to be a healthy college? Or that many of the best professors would feel morally obligated to leave the campus?"

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meeting to discuss religion and to relate religious principles to their fields. The National Council of Churches this past summer organized a faculty Christian fellowship. The professors aren't about to hit the sawdust trail of revival. But some who were indifferent to religion are now inquiring, deeply.

On the college campus, there exists not so much a religious revival as a religious search. Chapel attendance has increased only "some" or "a little" over twenty years ago. This contrasts sharply with the nation as a whole, where the National Council of Churches reports some 60 per cent of the population have a certain hostility toward the church. "Has the church stopped the march of materialistic communism?" and "What's it really doing to bring the Kingdom of God they talk about all the time?" are the kind of questions students are asking.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, whose book *The Power of Positive Thinking* probably brought comfort to many, is a major figure in the popular religious revival. But talks with students and campus advisors in New York seem to indicate that Dr. Peale is not very popular on the campus. He "distorts Christianity," some said, or "promises pie in the penthouse," in the words of one N. Y. U. student. This type of reaction is to be expected, for college students genuinely interested in religion don't want formulas for contentment or success. The most thoughtful are reexamining the basic assumptions of our popular culture in the light of religious knowledge.

Arnold J. Toynbee said in a recent lecture that Western man is caught in a paradox of practicing a way of life based on technology and materialism, yet still believing in the sacredness of the human personality—a concept that grew from Jewish and Christian theistic principles. Thoughtful students may realize this. For undergraduates, interest in religion, at its deepest, is nothing less than an attempt to unify and find a core of meaning in our fragmented culture.

RESTON OF THE N. Y. TIMES

Scoop Reporter At Work . . *by Edgar Kemler*

ONE AFTERNOON last spring the self-assured, youthfully forty-five-year-old New York *Times* correspondent sat opposite a discomfited Acting Secretary of State, Herbert Hoover, Jr. Flippancies rolled easily off James "Scotty" Reston's tongue, and he smoked an undersized cigar. But his wide green-gray eyes were deadly serious. Almost two hours earlier he had entered this State Department sanctuary—not, he said, to get a scoop, but to get the official cable that would confirm a scoop he had already gotten elsewhere. "The New York *Times*," he explained, "is interested in documents, not scoops." Hoover had stalled. On the one hand, as a comparative newcomer to government, it had not yet occurred to him that a confidential cable could be declassified—even for the *Times*. On the other hand, since Reston already knew 75 per cent of the contents, clearly there wasn't much point in withholding the remaining quarter. By a phone call to a White House aide, his dilemma was solved in Reston's favor. Yet, instead of thanking the Acting Secretary for the cable, Reston lectured him for not having released it voluntarily through regular channels. Had he done so, Reston said, "We would not have wasted so much of each other's valuable time. Furthermore, I would not have to ask about U. S. foreign policy in a foreign embassy."

WHY DOES Reston, whose *Times* position qualifies him as dean of the Washington press, play "cops and robbers" with top government officials like an eager cub reporter? This is not, as some of his rivals have suggested, because he lacks journalistic dignity, but, if anything, because he has too much. Since 1944, when he made his real Washington debut as one of the top *Times* men there, he has challenged every Administration to prove that it was facing up to the "simple realities" in policy-making. Since such proof has not been forthcoming voluntarily, he has been forced, in effect, to get it involuntarily. Moreover, to the extent that this kind of operation tends to show up the policy-makers, Reston has become unpopular with them. Under the Truman-Acheson Administration, Reston's scoops were called "presumptuous." Under the present one, which talks of the tactical A-bomb as a "weapon of mercy" and which refers to the Presidency as "a rest cure," his exclusives are called "slanted," "unconstructive" or, by innuendo, "treasonous." While the Administration pleads the "quasi-military character" of much information as the reason for withholding it, the real reason, Reston suggests, is that officialdom is terrified of a skeptical reaction. "Ninety percent of all such material is legitimate news," he says, "with the rest subject to dispute."

Not all of Reston's scoops were quite as damaging to the Administration as the Atomic Energy Commission's bill of particulars against Oppenheimer, which the *Times* sat on for three months in 1954 so that Oppenheimer's defense could be covered the same day, April 13, 1954. His March, 1955, scoop on the 200,000-word Yalta Papers, more widely publicized than his prize-winning Oppenheimer stories, actually served to encourage Republican partisanship, as Reston has privately lamented. However, when a controversial but factually accurate story is published in the *Times*, there's not

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EDGAR KEMLER covers the Washington scene for The Nation.

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very much that can be done about it. Since the Roosevelt Administration made an unsuccessful F. B. I. check of Reston's sources in 1944, he has been immune to pressures of this kind. In only one case recently has he been subject to widespread criticism—when he printed a deathbed statement by Joseph Stalin which was merely a reiteration of a familiar peace theme.

However, because of the Eisenhower censorship, particularly "at the pick-and-shovel level" of middle-echelon aides, his scoop rate has declined from an average of two a week during the first quarter of 1950 to less than one a week in 1955. This disheartens him, partly for a public reason: i.e., he believes that without constant exposure the Administration is likely "to act as unwisely as they speak." His private reason is that he can't function properly on official buncombe, either as a reporter, commentator or administrator. Since September, 1953, when he took over the twenty-two-man Washington bureau from Arthur Krock, he has revised one procedure which, he believed, impeded staff efficiency. This is not to imply that the highly conservative Krock ever undervalued the skeptically liberal Reston's "immensely valuable services." To the contrary, on his first arrival in Washington, Krock gave him his "big break" by assigning him to Embassy Row, a rich beat which the *Times* had never properly exploited. In Reston's hands, however, it proved too rich insofar as the tips he got there led him inevitably into his colleagues' territories. Finally, to avoid such misunderstanding, Reston now has opened the beat to the whole staff. Also Reston has hired about half a dozen new staff men from other papers, including the Pulitzer Prize-winning Anthony Lewis from the Washington *Daily News*, Edwin L. Dale, Jr., from the *Herald-Tribune* and Russell Baker from the Baltimore *Sun*, to take advantage of the new freedom.

BETWEEN quarterbacking this highly competitive staff and his own ball-carrying, Reston works from ten to fifteen hours a day. Insofar as this regime interferes with his "making with the white tie" at embassy dinners, which is a traditional function of the *Times* bureau chief, he doesn't object to it. Yet insofar as it invades the privacy of his modest suburban home at 3124 Woodley Road, he pays the piper. Occasionally, he would like to take his charming wife, the former Sally Fulton, to a movie, or to knock about with his three boys, aged nine, fourteen and eighteen. However, from 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M., right through breakfast, he skims through six newspapers including the *Wall Street Journal*—all the while calculating where the day's official snafus will occur and planning his agenda accordingly. From 8 P. M., when he returns home for dinner (if he returns home that early) until about midnight he waits

James "Scotty" Reston

for some possible high-level callback that might require his killing some of the early-edition stories and writing revised stories for the next. To salvage his private life, at least during his one-day week-end, he maintains a cabin in the Virginia wilderness near Warrenton.

Reston enjoys getting himself out of tight corners, for, as he candidly says, he was born in one. His elderly father, who lives with the Restons in the summer and whose Scottish brogue was a feature of a recent fashionable Gridiron tea, was then a Clydeside worker. Prior to the family's move to Dayton, Ohio, when "Scotty" was ten, he attended the Vale and Leven Academy near Glasgow, which subsequently set him back a year in the Dayton public schools. That didn't worry this self-confident "immigrant boy," for he was already aware, apparently, that his own extraordinary talents would carry him further in journalism than any formal schooling. That he would go very far, indeed, seemed indicated by the success of that other debunking specialist, H. L. Mencken, who was, and still is, his chief idol. It was Mencken who helped turn his scorn from schoolmarms to government officials generally, but it was not until Reston was almost thirty that he could exploit his gifts. Reston, today, is a great believer in what he calls his "ignorance," and in reorganizing his Washington bureau he says he favors self-educated journalists over Ivy League experts, although most of his new recruits are Ivy League.

RESTON'S own career began not in a classroom but on Dayton's golf courses. This was because he knew more about golf, Scotland's national sport, than anything else: twice during his teens he won the state public-link championship. Here, also, he caddied for former Governor James M. Cox, the 1920 Democratic Presidential nominee, who gave him odd jobs on his paper, the Dayton *Daily News*. He moved up to a full-time job at seventeen as editor of the Delco-Remy *Doings*, a house organ, where he earned his tuition for the full course in a school of journalism. After graduating at twenty-two without honors, he seemed destined in those depression years to low-salaried jobs on small Ohio newspapers. That fate he escaped in 1934 by becoming press agent for a major-league ball club, the Cincinnati Reds. He got into New York, where, thanks to the cartoonist Milton Caniff, a fellow Daytonian, he was picked up by the Associated Press as sports writer and, occasionally, theatre critic.

Twice during his two years with the A. P. bureau, he tried unsuccessfully to get a *Times* job. In the spring of 1937, the wire service sent him to London on what he calls an "unusual" two-part assignment, covering the Derby and Wimbledon tennis in summer and the British Foreign Office in winter. The Foreign Office was then building up to its famous Munich capitulation to Hitler, but Reston now concedes that at the time "I was so ignorant that I didn't know where Germany was." He made good because of his rugged wire-service training and his immunity to British brushoffs ("I am British myself," he used to tell high-handed officials.) Soon Ferdinand Kuhn, then chief of the *Times* Lon-

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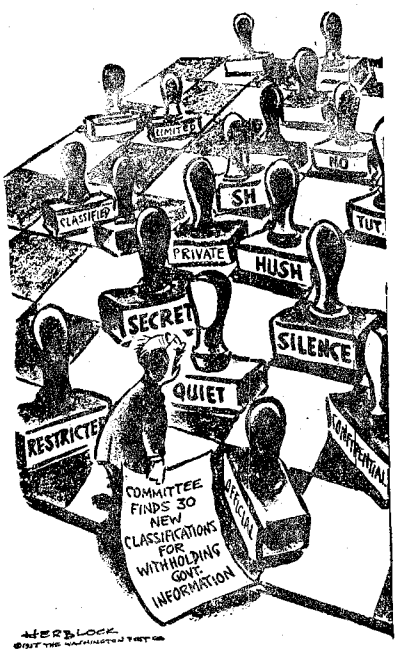
don bureau, rated him good enough for transfer to the *Times*. This was in 1939, on the eve of World War II. Yet it was not until the 1940 Battle of the Blitz, when the German *Luftwaffe* nightly "rang that big London doorbell," that he fully realized the possibilities of his role.

From his window in Fleet Street, in the Reuters building, where he noted that death could be met either by a direct hit, a falling church steeple across the street, or a defective stove downstairs, Reston watched the British nation rise to greatness. In his own words, he saw the war "sweep all pretense from the souls of men and bring them back to the simple realities of life." Returning to the U. S. before Pearl Harbor—the occasion was the birth of his second boy—he felt that "business as usual" and "let George do it" attitudes prevented the United States from achieving any comparable stature after Pearl Harbor. So his indignant book, *Prelude to Victory*, in the summer of 1945, was sweeping in its attack on complacency and social injustice. Declaring that "no country in the past twenty years has had the government it deserved," he casually dismissed the New Deal and the Rooseveltian contribution to our war-making potential. Yet, because it combined a Presbyterian moral passion with a Menckenian irony and clarity of style, and represented Reston's coming of age as a full-fledged philosopher-journalist, his book outshone and outsold other wartime Jeremiads.

SINCE *Prelude to Victory* Reston has had several "tempting offers" to become a full-time pundit, either as author or editorial writer. Indeed, it was the offer of the editorship of the Washington *Post* to Reston in the spring of 1953 which prompted Arthur Krock to turn over the *Times* Washington bureau to him—a move which Krock said he "had planned for a much later date." Yet even as the *Times* correspondent (the traditional title of the bureau chief, and a more potent title than the *Post* editorship), Reston regards himself as a scoop reporter first and a pundit second. "Nobody reads books any more," he says bluntly. The kind of ingratiating skepticism that he has dished out since the 1953 atomic deadlock is admittedly considerably less sensational than the vision of atomic horrors dished out by other writers. Last January, for example, he predicted for *Look* magazine that there would be no war and no peace in 1955, with "everybody coexisting unhappily with everybody else." *Look* buried this prophecy in its "On the Light Side" department, while playing up the less accurate but more horrific prophecies of his competitors. "It's only in moments of crisis," he says, "that you can talk sense to people."

Meanwhile, the assignment that he wanted most was the one that he got very quickly—as a Washington scoop reporter inside the high-policy levels of government. Prior to *Prelude to Victory*, Reston ranked so low on the *Times* that he just barely missed being sidetracked to Boston. While he did get to Washington, it was on a "displaced persons" basis. After writing the book he became a special assistant to Arthur Sulzberger, the *Times* publisher. Elmer Davis had borrowed Reston from the *Times* to reorganize the London bureau of the Office of War Information.

When word of his excellent performance got back to Sulzberger (via Ambassador John G. Winant), Sulzberger asked him, "Why can't you do for me what you are doing for Winant and Davis?" After one-year's close association with Sulzberger as his administrative "s. o. b. man," Reston got his special Washington mandate in 1944. In that first Washington year, a personal complaint from Undersecretary of State Edward Stettinius almost wrecked Reston's Pulitzer Prize-winning scoop on the Dumbarton Oaks plan for the United Nations. "If you continue to print this series of documents," Stettinius told Sulzberger, "the Russians will accuse us of bad faith, and the wartime coalition will be ended." "If unity is so weak among the great powers as to be shaken by a few factual stories," Sulzberger replied prophetically, "then it won't stand up anyway." The series was printed in full.



What kind of a game?

DURING the years between the heartening Dumbarton Oaks conference and the depressing Oppenheimer case, Reston has been caught up in a strange dilemma which he shares with most other ardent internationalists. When the Democratic internationalists, catering to the Taft-led Republican isolationists, took the "tough" anti-Communist line as in the controversial Truman Doctrine, they started a game which they were bound to lose in the end. Under the compromising Secretary Dulles, internationalism has become so adulterated that its Democratic sponsors can hardly recognize it. Absorbed in the daily battle, Reston was perhaps not as aware of this possibility as he might have been. As late as 1951, in an open letter to General MacArthur, he noted proudly that "the isolationists are everywhere on the defensive," that in fact they had abdicated everywhere save on the Red China issue, which was "essentially synthetic."

Meanwhile, Secretary of State Dean Acheson had run into some very heavy weather on this so-called "synthetic" issue. The storm had been touched off by his reference to a proposal for guaranteeing Chiang's Formosa as a "silly adventure," and Reston had tried to help him.

This was not quite as easy as it looked. Socially, Reston and Acheson have long been amiable, but professionally they are incompatible. To the witty but highly proper Acheson, Reston's interest in the inside story of our China policy was inexcusable. At Reston's suggestion Acheson did, for a time, include general discourses on the Asiatic revolution at his regular press conferences. However, since the report-

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ers seemed much more concerned about the Secretary's link with Alger Hiss and with his slow-moving maneuvers to free the A. P.'s Bill Oatis from Red Czechoslovakia, he quickly clammed up again. During the last year or so of his regime, what little briefing Acheson did was confined to an intimate circle of front-rank reporters. Contrary to the popular view, Reston was not among them. By this time the Secretary was avoiding Reston for fear that "Scotty" would make an inconveniently shrewd deduction from some casual remark. On the other hand, Reston avoided Acheson for fear the Secretary would give him some item in confidence that he had already gotten from a subordinate. That Acheson would have been a success if he had candidly opened up the department's China files to the *Times* may be doubted. But certainly his reticence didn't help him.

IN THE summer of 1953, just before Reston succeeded Arthur Krock, he took his wife on a leisurely 26,000-mile tour of Asia, roughing it in jeeps and cargo ships. Despite a rising tide of neutralism "which is not necessarily a bad thing," as he wrote later in the *Times,* the less-heralded aspects of the old internationalism—U. S. libraries in Japan, land reform in Formosa, medical missions in Indo-China—were bearing fruit. On this positive note he began what has been so largely a negative job, reassigning old *Times* men, some of whom "taught me the news game," and trying vainly to explain the "intellectual" Point 4 program to the non-intellectual corporation executives of the Eisenhower team. At first, his friends say, he was rather appalled by his new dignity. But gradually he has achieved an inoffensive self-confidence that enables him to be himself whether in the press galleries or among bureau chiefs and Cabinet officials at the Metropolitan Club. An increased load of lecture engagements and TV appearances has not interfered with his output, which averages about 5,000 words a week in news stories, Sunday think-pieces, interpretative columns, book reviews and unsigned Monday-morning gossip.

How long can Reston keep it up? One can imagine his blowing up from overwork, or his bureau becoming so talented as to be unmanageable. But one report about him is certainly false: that he would give all-out support to Vice President Nixon in 1956 in return for a White House pipeline now. This libel was touched off by an October column in which he suggested that Nixon might quietly have outgrown his "Tricky Dick" character. There are several other explanations for this cryptic column; for example, that Reston was simply carried away by a possible parallel betwen Nixon and the late Senator Vandenberg, whose conversion into a statesman in 1944 was prompted in part by Reston. In the same column he also suggested that Adlai Stevenson might no longer be a Hamlet. In any case, Reston has now reaffirmed his long-standing belief that no man should be President unless, like President Eisenhower and also Chief Justice Earl Warren, he has shown that he has "the courage to be timid" in great crises.

That so much speculation should have been set off by such a small slip is the highest tribute that could be paid to his general performance.

American In Moscow

This informal account by an American businessman of a recent visit to Moscow appeared, in lengthier form, in the December 10 issue of Publishers Weekly. *The author, head of W. S. Hall and Company, European sales representatives for American publishers, included it in his annual report to his clients.*

By W. T. Hall

FOR SOME time we have been doing business, steadily increasing, with Mezhdunarodnaja Kniga (M. K. from this point on) of Moscow, the all-embracing book-publishing, book-import and -export bureau for all the Russias. The book orders, nearly all for single copies of scholarly titles, are dispatched regularly to our New York office for delivery direct to Soviet libraries, universities and institutes, and equally regularly a monthly check arrives drawn on a New York bank. No problems of any kind presented themselves in connection with this business but I felt it was about time to get personally acquainted with the account. Getting my Russian visa took a bit of doing, but I managed it finally at the Russian Embassy in The Hague, aided by a letter from Russian authorities saying that M. K. would be pleased to have me visit them in Moscow.

I took off from Amsterdam Sunday, October 23, by KLM for Copenhagen, and changed there to an SAS plane for Helsinki where I spent the night. The next afternoon I was the only American, except two lads with diplomatic pouches, on the Russian Aeroflot plane for Moscow. At Leningrad we handed in our passports for examination and I filled out a paper on which I attested, among other things, that I had no opium, opium pipes, antiques or animals with me.

We arrived in Moscow at 9:30 P. M. No customs examination, surprisingly enough; we simply sat in the Intourist waiting room listening to a program of radio music from Stockholm, browsing through the array of picture magazines, or gazing at the superb oil portrait of Stalin, standing alone in a green field, which dominated the room. Then, one by one we were called, not by name but by being nodded at, and escorted with our baggage to a waiting automobile for a solo ride to a designated hotel in Moscow.

EARLY next morning I started the Intourist office off in business for the day by buying a block of coupons to cover four days. These coupon books are labeled "all-inclusive" and they are really that. Coupons for one day include cost of room at hotel, three square meals (two of which include caviar), afternoon tea, two sightseeing tours with or without interpreter-guide and, in addition, use of private car with driver for four hours. Cost per day, $21.25 with payment *in dollars.*

By telephone I made an appointment with M. K. for 11 o'clock next morning. I arrived fifteen minutes too soon at their premises in the enormous Administration Building on Smolensky Square. The gal driver of my taxi indicated she would wait for me by flopping over in the front seat for a quiet nap. But already waiting for me in the lobby was Mr.

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Leonov of M. K. to escort me to the proper office. In the M. K. conference room he introduced me to Mr. Zmuel, president, Mr. Sorogozhski, head of the import department, and Mr. Utenkov, export department, adding that he, Leonov, was also "export." With tea served and Utenkov and Leonov acting as interpreters, we talked for two hours when we adjourned with an appointment for the next day. That was a much longer session and only ended when both the Russians and I had to confess we could think of no more questions to ask.

I presented my entire kit of samples, including the books, and Mr. Zmuel was particularly pleased with *The Moscow Kremlin* [*The Moscow Kremlin*, by Arthur Voyce; University of California Press] which none of them had seen. They presented me with a file copy of their Russian edition of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* which, as a member of the Baker Street Irregulars, I was much pleased to have. This book was published a few months ago in an edition of 525,000 copies and, knowing it was out of print, I asked how long it had taken to sell the edition. The answer, "two hours" means, I presume, that it had taken that long to pack and ship the whole kaboodle—and quick work at that.

What M. K. wants of us, expressed in one word, is catalogs, particularly from publishers of text, technical and medical books.

MOSCOW is probably the cleanest city in the world and *no* parking is permitted on any street where traffic is heavy. Over the wide expanse of Red Square with hordes of people milling along the north or retail store side, not a scrap of paper is to be seen on the street, let alone a parked automobile. This, of course, is a sort of show place, but the same is true of other and remote parts of the city. The women street cleaners with their faggot sweeps collect only a few unrewarding cigarette butts and match sticks. I have no idea how a condition of this kind is kept up.

My room at the National Hotel was on the third-floor front facing the immense plaza which adjoins the still more spacious Red Square, at the far end of which, past the giant red stars topping the towers guarding the Kremlin, I could see the wild

It may come in useful later!

riot of form and color which is the Church of St. Basil the Blessed. Close examination of this church, which must be like nothing else in the world, was hindered by scaffolding for workmen who were not doing anything about the form but were laying on more color—as if this were needed!

I do not know if the week I spent in Moscow was a typical one with regard to visiting foreigners but there were plenty of them there. On my arrival at the hotel there was lots of elbow room in the spacious restaurant but presently we—a few Americans and British—were huddled into a corner by the arrival of nearly a hundred Frenchmen and, close on their heels, a contingent of nine hundred Germans, two hundred of them booked, or at least having their meals, at the National. At this point we were shunted off to a private dining room. This little room had its compensations for its acoustics permitted a clear hearing of what went on at other tables and it seemed always to be something comic, like the struggle of a Frenchman who was trying desperately, with gestures, to explain in English to the waiter that what he wanted was fried eggs turned upside down. Or the Englishman raising hell about the cost of the beer on his bill and getting nowhere fast with his protest. Never again would he stop at this hotel and we wondered where, next time, he would go.

There was something else I saw which did not call for a sightseeing coupon or an interpreter. This was the nightly rehearsal for the big all-day parade on November 7, the anniversary of the triumphant end of the 1917 Revolution. On two successive nights I watched from my hotel window an apparently endless stream of tanks, of guns of every conceivable caliber on wheels, of trucks bearing twelve fully equipped infantrymen each, rumble noisily toward the Red Square. Most impressive—and a bit frightening.

There are a few thorns in this rosy Russian picture and they must be mentioned to finish this little story. For you do have to eat and you do have to spend money which means rubles. The menu at the hotel was always the same, day after day, and the food, always excepting the twice-a-day caviar, was not appetizing. But that didn't bother me as much as the terrific cost of everything, because of the fixed exchange rate of four rubles to the dollar. I think the ruble is worth five cents, otherwise how account for a pair of women's shoes at 430 rubles, and a mink coat at 36,400 rubles—and no prize piece at that? Or at the hotel, a double vodka 14.80, a bottle of beer 9.80? Actually, the $21.25 all-inclusive Intourist daily rate is a bargain, but if you stray away from that regimen and start trying to buy things, you're licked.

THE TRAVEL people tell me that thousands of Americans are planning to visit Russia next year and I'm all for it. They will be met, entertained and waited upon by a friendly and hospitable lot of people and I cannot imagine anyone really regretting having made the trip. The average American tourist is well liked wherever he goes, makes for friendly relations and is a credit to his country. I only wish our government would carefully screen the Congressmen who want to go abroad and keep at home those temperamentally unfitted to travel such as the Representative from California, the "pistol at my head" man, who made an ass of himself recently in Moscow. Further, and this is judging only by my own brief experience, none of the Russians one meets will talk politics or preach doctrines or tell you what a wonderful country his is. This was surprising to me but that's how it was and I hope that I haven't overrated the place.

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Writers Between Cultures

By Eleanor G. Knight

Mrs. Knight's essay discusses the work of the following writers:
Driss Chraibi
Le Passe Simple
Les Boucs
Mouloud Mammeri
La Colline Oubliee
Le Sommeil du Juste
Mohammed Dib
La Grande Maison
L'Incendie
Le Cafe
Mouloud Feraoun
Le Fils du Pauvre
Albert Memmi
La Statue de Sel
Agar
Malek Bennabi
Vocation de l' Islam
In Paris, Editions du Seuil publishes Dib, Feraoun and Bennabi; Chraibi is published by Denoel, Mammeri by Plon and Memmi by Correa.

APOLOGISTS for empire like to talk of roads, dams, ports and the like as proof of their good works. Rarely if ever do they cite books which are native but in large part also the product of western education and culture. In the last few years, a torrent of literature has poured forth from North Africa, like the rivers of that region in flood. These are indisputable tributes to French enlightenment which no North African begrudges. Moroccans, Algerians and Tunisians are writing in French and winning literary prizes in Paris. For an understanding of conditions in what is called an underdeveloped area there is no surer source than these stories. To this reviewer, at least, they are as illuminating as tables of hectares and quintals, demographic statistics and elaborate projects for modernization and equipment.

So great is the output of the North African writers at present, in the midst of wars and alarums, that a list of even the outstanding books would be fairly long. Going from west to east, we may start in Morocco with Driss Chraibi, whose first book, *Le Passe Simple,* was published in 1954. Dedicated to Francois Mauriac, it expresses a Moroccan nationalism directly descended from French nationalism. It is the story of the *lycee* period of the author, son of a well-to-do tea merchant, his rebellion against a tyrannical father, his escape into French science and literature and his disillusion with both societies which he knows, French and Moroccan, each based on power and corruption. In the end, he goes to Paris. Out of that experience, apparently, comes his second book, *Les Boucs* (The Goats). "Goat" is the French term for North Africans which corresponds to our "nigger."

Chraibi's style has been described as delirious. In *Les Boucs* are scenes of Algerians in Paris—jobless, starving, freezing, jailed, or crowded in hovels or sordid lodging houses—which must seem like hallucinations to anyone who has not seen them. The account of the city of Fez, in *Le Passe Simple,* on a night at the end of Ramadan is wild and beautiful poetry, evoking the ecstasy of multiple religious experience and a thousand years of history. And Chraibi has a sense of humor, sardonic and earthy. His dialogue is as natural as a bird's song or a dog's bark. The driver of a Casablanca-Fez bus told him that his name was Julius Caesar. "When I expressed surprise, he replied, 'So what? Because I'm an Arab, do I have to have a prefabricated name like Ali ben Couscous?' I smiled. He pulled out his identity card. 'Here! Take a look,' and there, in fact, it was. Name: Caesar. Given name: Julius. Son of Mohammed ben Mohammed and of Yamna bent X. Born circa 1912, in the village of Aglagal, Tribal Fraction of Demsira, Tribe of Tashkemt, Bureau of Control of Imi-N-tanoute, Region of Marrakech. Profession: chauffeur. Nationality: U. S. citizen." The driver went on to explain how simply he had obtained American citizenship. A French officer in control of the region was enamored of Moroccan women. Julius Caesar had given the Frenchman his sister in return for the identity card of his choice.

Eastward, in Algeria, there is Mouloud Feraoun, whose *Le Fils du Pauvre* is set in a Kabylian village. The drama concerns the business of getting a common school education. In Algeria this is drama. Mohammed Dib has written a trilogy: it begins with *La Grande Maison,* which deals with poverty in a city tenement, then *L'Incendie,* which is about the poverty of the Arab countryside, and last *Le Cafe* (which has not yet reached the reviewer). *L'Incendie* is the fire which destroys the huts of Arab laborers living around a French center of colonization. These men had gone on strike. The French army was called in, the law arrested the ringleaders and anyone else who

ELEANOR G. KNIGHT lived in North Africa in 1934-35 and again in 1950-51. She is the translator of Pierre Parent's The Truth About Morocco.

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happened to be at hand. All this was of no avail, for the people stuck together. Finally their mud and thatch houses were fired to prove who was boss. Who had set the fire? "We know where the innocent are," said an old man. "They are bound together by prison, by beatings and by blood. Our blood has been spilled and will continue to be spilled, surely. Thus we will become cemented. In a time like ours, it is terrible to be innocent." Anyone interested in how Arab peasants—men, women and children—live, till the soil and dream, will learn much from reading *L'Incendie*. These people are hardworking, thoughtful and neighborly, with the exception of the inevitable traitor or Beni-oui-oui among them. They are no more fanatical than any other people; they are merely downtrodden.

Mouloud Mammeri, whose short story, "Ameur of the Arcades," appeared in *The Nation* (September 3, 1955), has written two novels: *The Forgotten Hill* and *The Sleep of the Just*. The Hill is again a village in Kabylia, and the book is an account mainly of the mobilization of its young men in 1939, which caused the once-close village unit to crumble as in an earthquake. Mammeri is a poet, too, but a disciplined lyrical one. His description of the countryside is a reminder that his native land has some of the world's most imposing scenery. His accounts of village rites and festivals make a treasury of Berber myths and customs.

ACROSS the border in Tunisia, Albert Memmi, a Tunisian Jew, has written *La Statue de Sel and Agar*. The former has been published here (by Criterion Books) as *The Pillar of Salt*. The novel, which must be largely autobiographical, follows a poor young Jew of the Tunis ghetto through a Tunis *lycee*. (Chraibi's and Mammeri's first books have also been called autobiographical, but it seems more likely that they are eclectic biographies). The war brings this book to a close with a period in a German concentration camp in southern Tunisia and final disillusionment with Europeanization. The young Jew has been twice betrayed, first by Vichy, and then by the Free French who refused to recruit Jews in the Allied army.

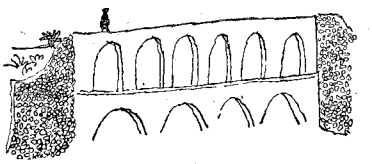
Memmi's description of Tunis is perhaps the best piece of writing in the book. Tunis is like New York in a way, with the difference that New York's history is short and that after the first conquest the waves of aliens did not come as conquerors. "Oh whore of a city," writes Memmi, "who has not had you for a slave? When I learned a little history, I had a vertigo. Phoenicians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Berbers, Arabs, Spaniards, Turks, Italians, Frenchmen. I forget some and confuse others. Five hundred steps here and one changes civilizations."

Of his second novel, Memmi explains: "*Agar* is not a study of mixed marriage, or a chapter in North African sociology. . . . It is concerned with the terrible problem of communication, so acute because all of us today are projected out of our local history and confronted with the history of all peoples. . . ." This is not, he says, the story of the hero of *The Pillar of Salt*—merely of a Tunisian Jew who marries a French girl. "I wanted this to apply equally to my fellow-citizens, both Moslem and Jew . . . and from the first reactions of European readers, I find that *Agar* applies to them also. Can it be that communication is doomed to failure, between individuals as well as between peoples?. . . . For me, it is clear that in a move toward universality, independent of the accidents and the inevitable meanderings of history and beyond all the particularisms, lies the highest ideal of all humanity."

The conflict of cultures is the theme of all these North African books. Young Chraibi, torn between the strict traditions of Moslem family life and the liberty of French thought; the young men of the Lost Hill equally at odds between the *lycee* or the French army and the roots of tradition and ancient custom. How to make good cloth of this warp and woof?

MEMMI has come a long way from the Jewish youth (if he was indeed this youth) who in 1943 gave up in despair, belonging neither to his own people nor to the alien European culture. Today he is simply a Tunisian citizen. In an article on his *Agar* in *L'Action*, a Tunisian weekly, he has this to say, and it could be used as a preface to any of our expositions on underdevelopment: "If the people of Europe and of America really want to salvage communication with colonized or ex-colonized peoples, they must stop thinking that there are no ideas, no sensibilities, except their own; they must abandon the notion that they are masters of another's destiny." The other side of the medal is this: "Freedom must include internal freedom—that is to say a separation of church and state, the suppression of the 'picturesque' in medina and ghetto, the end of female bondage. . . . The political struggle is always the most urgent, and probably generates social progress, sooner or later. . . . I have tried to show that the two freedoms are complementary, indispensable to each other."

North Africa being what it is, its novels are inevitably tragedies. But Memmi ends his article—perhaps buoyed up by his country's new freedom—in a mood of joyful optimism. Understanding between two people and between peoples is possible.



Malek Bennabi is an Algerian. He has written at least one novel, but *Vocation de l'Islam* is a composition of history, sociology and politics. It is one of the more informed and lucid attempts to explain Islam from inside. An early paragraph on the general continuity of human history in spite of displacements is more suggestive than many treatises on the subject. Bennabi sees the main weakness of Islam as a shattering tendency. Individuals and small groups are unable to rise above and change the data presented by eras of large and bold ventures, when people could be original within substantial, intricate collectivities. Islam as a whole became largely isolated from the main stream of progressive change.

Bennani's book is chiefly about struggles for internal reforms and attempts to rejoin the procession on terms which would not compromise the values cherished by all Moslems. Like the other books of those who have drunk deep of European culture, it is firm on the question of give and take or surrender. On the frontispiece there is a quotation from the Koran which illustrates the au-

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thor's dual vocation—Islamic scholar and engineer. "The earth is the heritage of those of My creatures who accomplish useful works on it."

The striking difference between these books and those of most outsiders about North Africa is that the difference is so striking.

The Words of the Poet

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS. Edited by Gay Wilson Allen and Charles T. Davis. New York University Press. $3.75.
WALT WHITMAN'S SECRET. By Ben Aronin. Argus Books. $4.50.
WALT WHITMAN'S CONCEPT OF THE AMERICAN COMMON MAN. By Leadie M. Clark. Philosophical Library. $3.75.

By John R. Willingham

BEFORE the turn of the century, William Dean Howells was complaining about the curious and lamentable tendency of English critics to emphasize the quality of a writer rather than the quality of his work. In the case of Walt Whitman, one cannot see that the advent of "new" critics and techniques since Howells's simpler day has succeeded in turning attention markedly to the literary achievement of America's central literary figure.

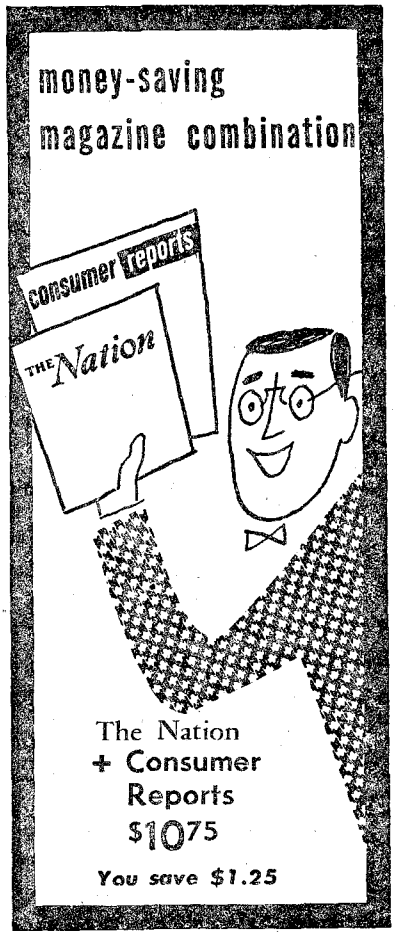
The edition of representative poems from successive editions of *Leaves of Grass* by Professors Allen and Davis is a splendid exception. Though some occasional biographical and bibliographical information is furnished, the emphasis is entirely on the poems as poems. An introductory essay provides as good an introduction to Whitman's work and the esthetic theory behind the *Leaves* as I know. But the validity of that theory is attested by the inescapable fact that Whitman "expressed in his poems not the character and personality actually his in everyday life so much as the vision of physical and spiritual power he shared with the nation." And the various typical techniques by which Whitman ordered his poems are shown to be those of a great conscious artist: "and in his finest moments his technique gives structure to poems that in the perspective of the whole American experience are unsurpassed in beauty and evocative power." Apparently, the editors of this excellent edition had in mind primarily the needs of college students of American poetry; but the book deserves to attract a much wider circle of readers.

BEN ARONIN invites an impressive number of problems involved in the writing of a biographical novel and solves none of them. The hero of his novel is just about everything silly and pretentious from the collective portrait of certain writers on Whitman during the 1920's and 1930's—everything improbable which Professor Allen's recent and excellent biography, *The Solitary Singer,* has corrected. *Walt Whitman's Secret* seems almost a deliberate attempt to delight Whitman's detractors and to confound his friends. Through numerous, always strained episodes, generously peopled by the author with a kind of Who's Who from 1848 to 1873, the Whitman of this novel moves histrionically, pausing all too often to spout sententious, pompous, absurdly stilted utterance. He lectures anyone and everyone on the slightest provocation; the calm, carefully calculating composer of the great lyrics never appears—only the insufferable stuffed shirt.

The fable involves a liaison between Walt and Anne Sedley, a tragic and beautiful quadroon in New Orleans. In due time, after Walt's return North from a second —and hitherto unrecorded—expedition to New Orleans, Anne bears him a son. These relationships, then, are presumably the "secret" referred to in the title; and it is scarcely worth the effort of a serious reader to plod through 374 pages to hear Whitman's defense (as conjured up by Mr. Aronin) for his refusal to acknowledge Anne and the child.

MR. CLARK'S book belongs to the scholarly class. Its thesis involves a triad of suppositions about the case of Whitman: (1) Whitman the man was very different from Whitman the poet; (2) this difference is particularly obvious in their contrasting

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM is associate professor of English at Centenary College of Louisiana.



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feelings for the common man; and (3) the feelings of the man about the common man are expressed most clearly in his prose, particularly in the editorials he wrote during his newspaper days. Most of Mr. Clark's own feelings about these matters appear to have come from a few anti-Irish and anti-Catholic comments in the editorial writings of the 1840's, although he reads in Whitman's letter to the anniversary committee of Santa Fe in 1883 echoes of the old man's anti-Catholic feelings and "limited acceptance of the Spanish" element of America's Southwest. It is never clear that Whitman really was consciously or unconsciously anti-Catholic; in any event, there can be no certainty that the few editorial excerpts can claim to be more valid expressions of Whitman the man than the poetry can. When, however, Mr. Clark encounters in the prose a statement or an idea that is counter to his thesis, he dismisses it as the utterance of "Whitman the prophet or Whitman the poet"—a creature who is not as honest as Whitman the man. When he is not riding his thesis too hard, Mr. Clark provides insights into the relation of Whitman's thought to the wider backgrounds of his age.

What Use Is A Navy?

THE UNITED STATES AND WORLD SEA POWER. Edited by Commander E. B. Potter. Prentice-Hall. $11.75.

By Fletcher Pratt

THIS BOOK carries the usual disclaimer against being regarded as an official history, but since it is written by no less than twelve staff members of the U. S. Naval Academy, it is reasonable to regard it as a distillation of the ideas being implanted in our future naval officers and to examine it on that basis. About the basic ideas there is nothing especially novel; this enormous volume is important for its extrapolations. As history it differs from Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon History* chiefly in dropping out the citations from classic Rome (which were dubious anyway) and carrying the story forward from the close of the American Revolution to the latest doings in Korea. The process of extension involves a range of ideas that never fell under Mahan's observation, of which the most obvious are the addition of air power to naval operations and the rise of amphibious warfare.

It would not be unfair to say that in the latter the collective authors see the justification of the specifically American type of sea power. The old British sea power, the kind Mahan dealt with, was fundamentally concerned with world empire and the world commerce that supported it; the use of the sea for all purposes. American sea power is less a necessity for the preservation of national existence than a military arm for the prevention of attack by strangling it in its cradle. In a book which discusses the whole history of sea power from the beginning of the oceanic age the great campaign of Suffren off the coast of India gets one paragraph; the Dardanelles expedition receives ten pages and there are eleven more on the development of amphibious doctrine between the two world wars.

THIS IS not a false emphasis; no other nation has ever employed marines in units much above battalion strength, while the United States had six divisions of them in action in the Pacific. That is, modern thinking in the U. S. Navy is heavily oriented in the direction of the extrusion of sea power into the area formerly sacred to land power, of its employment as a decisive element in a team conducting combined operations.

The obvious unifying factor is air power, which can operate either from shipboard or land bases and some of the critical ideological portions of the book are those that discuss the struggle over unification. The position of the proponents of victory through air power is stated with reasonable fairness: "They prepared to assume the Navy's traditional role of First Line of Defense, even though almost all their planning was offensive or at least retaliatory in nature." This is backed by preceding narrative in which it is accurately pointed out that while pre-war prediction held that land-based air power could drive ships to a considerable distance from the coasts, exactly the reverse proved the case: seaborne air power proved capable of action against targets far inland.

But it overlooks the fact that navy planning is also offensive. Indeed, the whole emphasis of the narrative portion of the book is on the offensive, on taking aggressive action. Whether it is de Grasse off the Chesapeake, where the offensive was strategic, or Nelson at Trafalgar, where it was tactical, or Farragut at New Orleans, where it was both, the story is that winning something by naval means is achieved through attack. Even Midway is accurately presented not as a defense but as a surprise counterattack launched against an attacking force. The major factor in eliminating the German submarines was the hunter-killer groups that deliberately sought them out.

The main idea in the whole big book is that American naval thinking is primarily in terms of aggressive warfare. This does not mean aggressive diplomatic action, as the combined authors are careful to point out. What diplomatic action is taken, what policy decisions are made, are outside the field of military men. The criticism of the Pearl Harbor attack is that the American officials did not let the military people know what the decisions were, and the criticism of MacArthur is that he adopted a policy at variance with such high-level decisions. But it says here that when the decision has been taken for engaging in war, the American navy has no means of executing it but by attack.

FLETCHER PRATT is the author of The Empire and the Glory, War for the World, E. M. Stanton *and other books.*

NEXT WEEK

A New Department:
Letter from Italy
by William Weaver

Jonathan Swift
by John Middleton Murry
Reviewed by
Joseph Wood Krutch

Three Loves of Dostoevsky
by Marc Slonim
Reviewed by Harold Clurman

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Farms for the Landless Huks

THE PHILIPPINE ANSWER TO COMMUNISM. By Alvin H. Scaff. Stanford University Press. $4.

By James Storer

IN THAT PART of the world where democratic forces are very much on the defensive, the Philippines, as a young democracy, has shown that it can not only put up a good military fight (one in this case that unfortunately involves fighting fellow Filipinos) but that it can also put into action a more positive plan of providing farms for the landless and thereby striking at one of the roots of Asiatic communism.

This resettlement program, called EDCOR (Economic Development Corps) was set up in 1951 by the then Secretary of National Defense, Ramon Magsaysay, who felt that an effective answer to Communist propaganda would be to offer the dissidents, called Huks in the Philippines, a chance to obtain their own farms in a peaceful settlement on the relatively unpopulated island of Mindanao. Three such establishments have been put into operation by the Philippine army. Captured and surrendered Huks and others suspected of disloyalty may volunteer for relocation to these communities, which are leavened by a sprinkling of other volunteer citizens who are also eager to cast their lot in the frontier-like EDCOR villages.

The Philippine army, in providing the land, also promised to help clear this land, to provide a house and to sell on credit the necessary food, seed, tools and the carabao. Such advances to the farmer would then be worked off on a non-interest bearing basis as cash crops were realized. In addition the settlers were to have free transportation facilities, protection, elementary schooling, water and lights and medical care.

Such a scheme was not without its problems: confusion over land titles, struggles with Moros as prior settlers and other squatters, a general shortage of equipment and a lack of agricultural and other training on the part of army officers who were responsible for the program. The settlers themselves added difficulties that were in part due to their youth, a preponderance of single men and a lack of experience with, or awareness of the problems that confront settlers in a jungle environment. It is in fact somewhat miraculous that the program has succeeded at all in the face of these obstacles.

In discussing this program as *The Philippine Answer to Communism,* Mr. Scaff is liable to give readers a somewhat false perspective. Valid and constructive as this effort is, it is but a partial answer. Only a few of the ex-Huks are being settled in Mindanao, while a still smaller percentage of the landless in Luzon and elsewhere are being accommodated in either EDCOR communities or any of the other areas of Mindanao. Nor are the conditions that breed communism in the Philippines limited to rural land and agricultural problems. Under-employment and unemployment are pressing urban problems as well. Preoccupation with the more dramatic aspects of resettlement must not blind Filipinos, or others, to the fact that the basic solution will have to be applied in the areas where the problem arises. It will not be eradicated by simply moving away from it.

JAMES STORER is a member of the Department of Economics at Bowdoin College.

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Films

Robert Hatch

THE BEST that can be said for United Artists's peculiar version of *The Man With the Golden Arm* is that it forced the company into defying the Production Code Authority. As in the case of *I Am a Camera* earlier this year, Hollywood's self-imposed board of censors has been made to look foolish. I doubt that United Artists had this in mind; I'm reasonably sure that it re-cooked the story in the hope of getting it quietly by and decided to show fight only when the alternative was to junk a very expensive film. Nevertheless, the arbitrary dictation of the Authority has again been challenged and each time this happens the industry can afford to be a little less timid.

The danger now is that the gesture may prove unsuccessful because it was made on behalf of a poor picture. Forgetting for a moment the contempt Otto Preminger has shown for the spirit of Algren's novel, he has committed the commercial sin of producing and directing a dull movie. The novel is obviously difficult for screen transcription. It describes fondly and with respect a community of derelicts—dope addicts and petty thieves, gamblers, drunks, crooked cops and prostitutes—which could be brought to the screen only by those who shared the author's compassion, understanding and taste. Even then it might not work: Algren, loving his monstrous bums, can say in the novel why they seem to

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him lovable, but there can be no spokesman for them in the film and almost by definition they cannot speak for themselves.

But Preminger seems to make no attempt. If he understood Algren's regard for the humanity of those who have nothing left but their humanity, he gives no sign of it. He records the surface of their sad antics on a slumming trip to the dens of vice. The film is just such a cliche. I cannot take the space to explain in detail how the plot has been cheapened and the characters flattened, except to note that Preminger has tacked a happy ending onto a chronicle that could never have ended happily. To cheat a tragedy of its foregone conclusion is an insult to the characters playing it and the audience waching it. It is saying that the game of life is only child's play and not for keeps. But you have to respect people to understand this.

Frank Sinatra, who portrays Frankie Machine, shows every outward sign of being able to play the inner character. It is not his fault that his work is limited almost entirely to the physical rigors of dope addiction.

REMEMBERING them, Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin* seem a marvelous chance for the piquant-sentimental style of Marcel Pagnol. But it has not worked out that way. Perhaps the charm of those little tales was too much in the telling, the light, side-glancing, miraculously economical prose that spun their insubstantial subject matter. At any rate, the three that Pagnol has brought to the screen in the film called *Letters from My Windmill* are leaden-paced and a little silly. They are creditably acted, they handle Daudet's small narratives with affection and taste, but they become over-extended after-dinner anecdotes. The best of them is the first—"The Three Low Masses"—in which the devil tempts beyond resistance a kind and devout but gluttonous priest. Credit for that goes largely to Daxely, who plays the devil masquerading in the body of the sacristan. He is a fine comic craftsman in the manner of Fernandel, but perhaps with more force and body and less burlesque. It would be a pleasure to see him in a longer context.

THE PRISONER is a British "think piece" on the subject of the total church vs. the total state. Alec Guinness is a cardinal charged with treason in a Communist Ruritania; Jack Hawkins is the inquisitor bound to destroy the priest's will by reverse psychoanalysis. For all its attempt at totalitarian ruthlessness, the film's good manners are utterly British. Guinness looks like a roguish Latin master and Hawkins like a hard-pressing inspector from Scotland Yard. Fanaticism is a coat strange to both of them; they seem rational gentlemen playing an unlikely and distasteful charade.

The plot is oddly bland. The cardinal collapses from a sense of unworthiness and the inquisitor from having brought so good a man so low. Extremists should be made of sterner stuff. Plot and performance together, the picture is charming proof that the British have no talent for totalitarian behavior.

ANNA MAGNANI is the most impressive female who has ever appeared on the screen. She is entirely female—mother, mistress, wife and fishwife. That is her greatness and her limitation. Every picture she appears in is another chapter in Magnani's career of being a magnificent woman.

I understand that Tennessee Williams wrote *The Rose Tattoo* originally with Anna Magnani in mind; it might be a better balanced work without her. The sub-plot of the daughter and her sailor boy, for one thing, is now almost shouted out of the picture and Burt Lancaster, as the heroine's obliging suitor; is a clown to the point of losing the point. He plays well in part, but he is forever being pole-axed by his beloved's Sicilian passion. Magnani needs strong direction and there are few directors who dare trade blows with her; Daniel Mann has taken the prudent course of letting her knock herself out. It is a rousing spectacle and she is the best possible antidote to the antiseptic, nylon-packaged blandishments that symbolize sex on the billboards.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE "PAS DE DIX" that Balanchine contributed to the New York City Ballet's recent season not only uses some of Glazunov's engaging music for the divertissements in the last act of the ballet *Raymonda,* but includes at least two of the dances Balanchine devised for this act when he staged *Raymonda* for the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe ten years ago. One is the Orientale danced then by Danilova, which is now Tallchief's solo; the other is the dance of the four boys. To these Balanchine has added solos for the four girls and for Eglevsky, and a brilliant conclusion; but most impressive is the opening dance in which the four couples provide a context for the entrance of Tallchief and Eglevsky and a supported adagio filled with fascinatingly intricate invention, which Tallchief executes with her beautiful clarity and elegance.

In another new ballet, *Jeux d'enfants,* most of the toys come to life —to the charming music of Bizet, and in the ingenious costumes of Esteban Frances—in dances devised by Barbara Milberg and Francisco Moncion which are, with one exception, pleasantly inconsequential. The exception is Moncion's "Music Box," an arresting interlude with three figures in magnificent Spanish costumes whose jerky, repetitive movements, amusing at first, are seen to be enacting a love triangle which ends with the husband stabbing the lover. And later on Balanchine imparts astonishingly fresh life and humor to the operations of the toy soldier and the doll, danced brilliantly by Tobias and Hayden.

For the rest Balanchine concerned himself this season with changes in two of his older works. Last year he replaced the "Hallowe'en" episode in *Ivesiana* with "Arguments"; this year he replaced "Arguments" with "Barn Dance," in which American-style steps and formations and striding about are involved in characteristic Balanchine intricacies. And he continued to enrich the first act of *The Nutcracker*—not only with charming new details for the children, but with a new dance for

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Harlequin and Columbine (whose gestures he has the seated children imitate delightedly), and a new scene which provides a clarifying transition from the party to the dream. The music for this additional scene is a passage written originally for, but not used in, *The Sleeping Beauty*. Balanchine first used it ten years ago in a beautiful pas de deux for Danilova and Franklin that one wishes he would revive.

The other new work presented by the company was Todd Bolender's *Souvenirs*, in which he employs very effectively the gift for comedy that he has exhibited on occasion in his dancing—for example in Balanchine's *A la francaix*. *Souvenirs* is concerned with the goings-on in a resort hotel in 1914, and with characters whose appearance, clothes and movements are caricatures of what Bolender and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, who designed the scenery and costumes, have seen in photographs and films of the period. Bolender himself dances a man about town in a hallway episode which develops into a Mack Sennett chase in and out of a series of bedroom doors; Irene Larsson and John Mandia burlesque an impassioned scene in a vampire-type film; and on the other hand Jillana carries off marvelously what I consider the most brilliant thing in the piece—the acutely observed pantomime of a young woman in a quarrel with her escort, which is of all time. Samuel Barber's music, whose dissonances caricature musical styles evocative of the period, is an effective soundtrack.

After the softness, amounting almost to flabbiness, of the general dancing style of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, it was exciting to see again the sharp clarity of the New York City Ballet. And it was exciting also to see the company dancing better than ever—with LeClercq exhibiting in even more astonishing degree her ease and clarity in classic ballet movement, her personal radiance and powers of presence and projection, her extraordinary range of dramatic expressiveness; with Adams's movements exhibiting greater strength and clarity of definition, Wilde's a continuing gain in delicacy, Carolyn George's an increased brilliance. The male dancing also was much stronger, with a newcomer, Vasquez, proving to be a fine-looking partner for LeClercq in *Concerto Barocco* and a brilliant one for Mounsey in *Western Symphony;* and with Barnett able to put his dazzling speed and sharpness and elevation to effective use not only in *The Nutcracker* again but in the solo parts he was given in *Western Symphony* and *Symphony in C*. The most spectacular leaps and spins were executed by Jacques D' Amboise; but it was Moncion again who, among the male dancers, exhibited extraordinary powers of presence and projection—this even as a mere partner in a supported Adagio, but more impressively in *Orpheus* and *Afternoon of a Faun*, and unforgettably in his great performance in *The Prodigal Son*.

Art

A. L. Chanin

THERE ARE galleries to which the public goes, but artists do not; for their exhibitions have only a superficial resemblance to art. And there are a handful of galleries where artists almost outnumber the public. For the art shown, good or bad, is almost always courageous, adventurous and explorative, and so the artists come to see and appraise, scorn or admire what their comrades are doing. One such place is the Betty Parsons Gallery. This week, after a decade of her gallery, Miss Parsons presents (to January 14) a group of painters and sculptors who are, or were, members of her "stable."

The emphasis is on abstraction—the most vigorous post-war movement in America. A 1944 Jackson Pollock, *Night Dancer*, thickly encrusted with shimmering paint, seems almost tame at this date. But there are extremists like Clyfford Still and Barnett Newman to arouse ire or interest.

Among the finest canvases is the late Bradley Tomlin's *No. 5* (1952), a subtly-toned harmony moving in fluid, zig-zag rhythms across the canvas. A fine early Mark Rothko, a delicate collage by Anne Ryan, with slow-paced movement and subtly arranged forms, and Ad Reinhardt's high-keyed color movements are other notables among the abstractions.

One realistic painting snuggles cozily among the others, Walter Murch's dark-toned, evocative *Geometrics*, invested with the drama of space enclosing machine forms. Another non-abstract inclusion is a grim surrealist painting, Alfonso Ossorio's (1949) *The Dancers*. Hedda Sterne is represented by a whimsical maze of machine forms and her husband, the cartoonist Saul Steinberg, contributes a hilarious pen and ink, *Diploma*. A decorative charm which is almost glib, appears in William Congdon's *Rome, Number 7*, glittering with gold textures and sweeping lines.

Some striking sculptures enliven the show: Seymour Lipton's dramatic metal image, *The Cloak*, and Day Schnabel's beguiling *Insects*.

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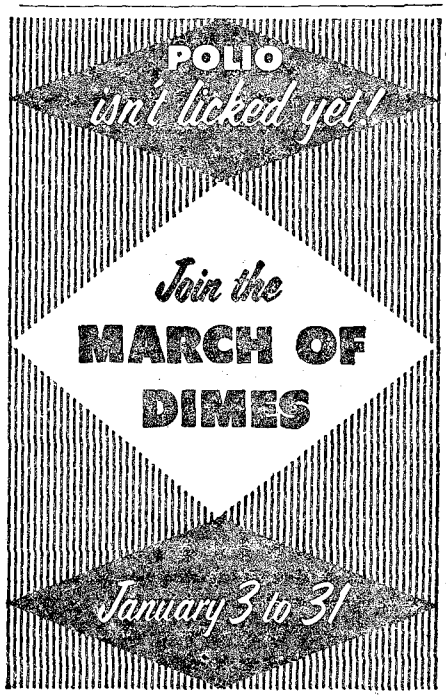

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knows of the climactic Armory Show of 1913, held in the Armory at 25th and Lexington Avenue—a building which might well be called the Independence Hall of our modern art. Even before that, die-hards were being prodded by the so-called Ashcan School exhibition of "the Eight" in 1908; the Independents of 1910; a series of daring shows in Alfred Stieglitz's "291"; the Forum exhibition of 1916; and finally, the Society of Independent's first exhibition, which opened a few days after the United States entered the war in Europe.

While the Armory survey is known far and wide for opening—or closing—eyes to Cezanne, van Gogh, Picasso, Brancusi and other masters of Europe, it also included a large section of Americans. The American Academy of Arts and Letters, in December, commemorated both the Armory and the Independents by assembling work by Academy members who had participated in these landmark exhibitions. To add interest to the theme, early and recent examples, in the case of living artists, were shown side by side.

Precious little seems daring and unorthodox today. Who now would quarrel, with George Bellows swaggering *Polo Crowd* (1910); J. Alden Weir's gentle, impressionist *Factory Village,* (1897); William Hopper's prim, cool, precise *Sailing* (1913), or John Twachtmen's serene *Hemlock Pool,* John Sloan's bravura *Sunday, Women Drying Their Hair*? Yet these rubbed shoulders at the Armory with Marcel Duchamp's cubist *Nude Descending a Staircase,* now enshrined in the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

On the other hand, Max Weber's 1915 abstraction, *Interior with Music* and Georgia O'Keefe's 1917 drawing, are still impressive and fresh.

In the assemblage is some rarely seen, rewarding work: Glacken's brilliant, light-infused shore theme; Ryder's richly painted *Hunter's Rest,* with its massive forms; E. Lawson's *Spring Night, Harlem River;* and Eugene Higgin's 1912 forerunner to the social comment work of the 30's, *Hunger Under a Bridge.* Also George Grey Barnard's deeply-felt, strongly-carved marble portrait of Lincoln, from the Metropolitan.

Oddly, much of the work which seemed new then, was even at the time steeped in the placid, almost dainty, attitudes of a vanished, outworn conservatism. There are other cases, like the sculptor Cecil Howard, whose 1918 *Mother and Child* is far more powerful and expressive than his bland 1955 *St. Francis.*

The exhibition was shown too briefly and seen by too few. It would be absorbing, and of extraordinary importance, if some institution with large resources would reassemble a truly representative number of the artists of Europe and America who participated in the Armory Exhibition.

LAST WEEK the Metropolitan Museum opened a delightful exhibition of paintings far removed in time, place and viewpoint from Western Art: Islamic, Persian and Indian miniatures from the eleventh to the eighteenth century (on view to February 19). Of the 200-odd miniatures shown, some 100 are recent Metrolitan acquisitions; the rest are on loan from other museums and private collections.

The miniatures (illustrations for magnificent manuscripts) are painted with breathtaking delicacy and precision, and with expressive and decorative line. Colors glow, clear and intense, painted flatly, without depth. When they shifted scale and perspective, these artists were concerned not merely to duplicate the factual appearance of a scene, but to organize line, form, color and pattern to convey the poetic image within the theme.

When one looks at the telling economy of line and form in the shrewdly perceptive portraits from an album which belonged to Shah Jahan—of Taj Mahal and Peacock Throne fame—or at the precise and delicate spotted forktail by Nadir Az-Zamon, or the rich, luxurious compositions by an Indian artist of the seventeenth century, one realizes anew that there are many ways of seeing and painting, and that the Renaissance tradition is not the only way to artistic salvation. And in fact, these little gems of color and creative design invigorated modern art. Matisse looked at them with new eyes, and blended their freshness and flatness and exotic pattern with Western dash and vigor.

Perfect in themselves, these miniatures are notable examples of one of the great epochs of world-wide art.

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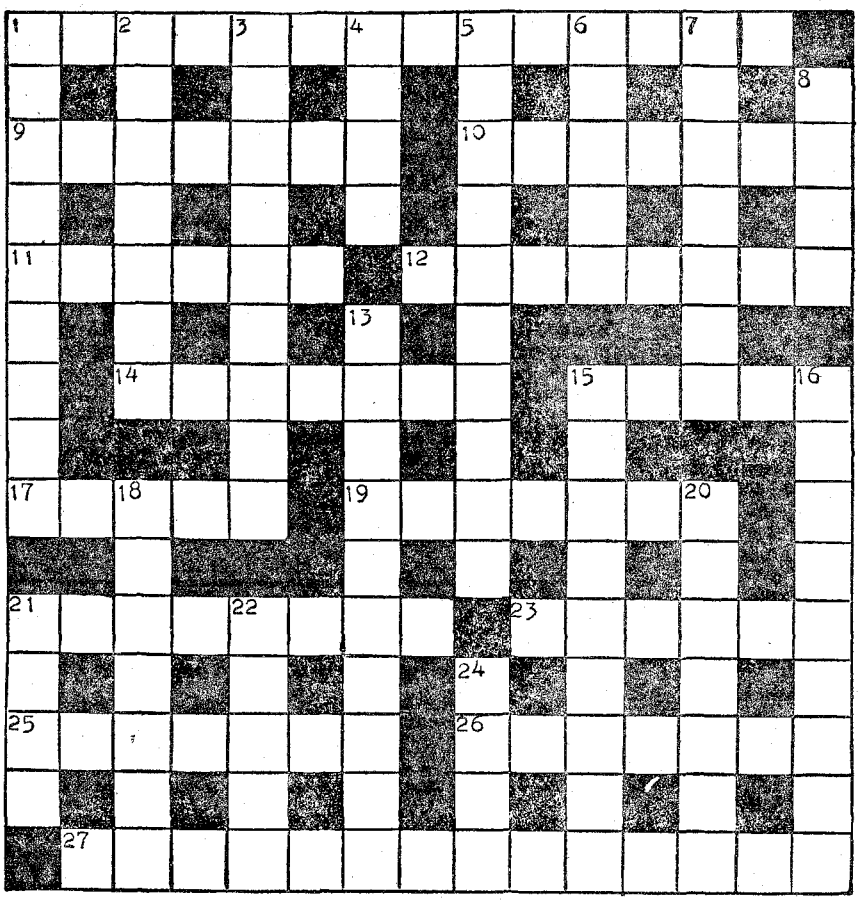
Crossword Puzzle No. 653

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not the campfires watched by Rebel pickets. (8,5)
9 Monkeys decorations, by the sound of it. (7)
10 Dress for the audience. (4-3)
11 and 5 down Probably lighter than "I was a Fugitive From a Chain Gang." (6,10)
12 A chap commonly can stand a drink all around, with enough silver. (8)
14 Perhaps not legs with the furthest reach! (7)
15 Type secured in a chase for printing or for manuscript. (5)
17 See 13 down.
19 Marks the sailor secures. (7)
21 Fail to exclude the apostle? (5,3)
23 and 18 down How things appear when you're down? (3,3,2,2,3)
25 Staying gloomy, no doubt. (7)
26 A few songs on the side? (One hopes the take-off is successful.) (7)
27 25 perhaps, completely gone! (3,2,4,5)

DOWN

1 Taking the census in Meninburg? (9)
2 Not a very conventional root. (7)
3 Two to make the d of England. (4-5)
4 Got up like 6 when it loses its head, in a way. (4)
5 See 11 across.
6 Furze. (5)
7 Pig's foot, sometimes in harness. (7)
8 and 20 Moat, as a type of accelerator? (4-7)
13 and 17 across Cow, perhaps, but certainly not a purple one. (4,3,3,5)
15 Foul play might lead to it in court. (4,5)
16 Cut off in the middle, pared on the outside, and completely edged. (9)
18 See 23 across.
20 See 8 down.
21 Poetically 4, for example. (4)
22 In this well-known factor in zero? (Or is the animal associated with cash on the nose?) (5)
24 This artist doesn't have his face lifted exactly—just made up differently! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 652

ACROSS: 1 and 17 down STANDING ROOM ONLY; 5 SORREL; 11 SANCTIONS; 12 NOTHING; 13 COUNSEL; 14 HOMELY; 15 and 7 SITTING ROOMS; 18 OBSCURE; 21 and 8 ON ONE'S LAST LEGS; 24 MACHINE; 26 THIN AIR; 27, 28, and 10 NO SMOKING IN THE LOBBY; 29 YEARNS; 30 ANAGLYPH. DOWN: 1 SO LONG; 2 AMBITIOUS; 3 DAYTIME; 4 NOSEGAY; 6 ON TRUST; 9 KNOCKS; 16 INEXACTLY; 19 UNICORN; 20 EMETIC; 21 OCTAGON; 22 OPINING; 23 BREECH; 25 CASCA.

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